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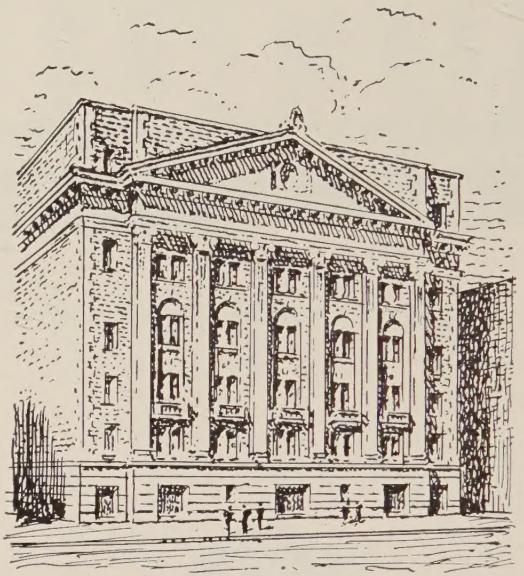
APRIL, 1949

The Liberalist

PUBLISHED BY THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

25th Anniversary



THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church. It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church.

Declaration of Principles

"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious, not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

The Liberalist

PRESTON BRADLEY, Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY, Associate Editor

Volume XXVI **April, 1949** *Number 1*

Still As Of Old

Still as of old
Men by themselves are priced—
For thirty pieces Judas sold
Himself, not Christ.

Hester H. Cholmondeley

The Man Of Sorrows

Christ claims our help in many a strange disguise;
Now, fever-ridden, on a bed he lies;
Homeless he wanders now beneath the stars;
Now counts the number of his prison bars;
Now bends beside us, crowned with hoary hairs.
No need have we to climb the heavenly stairs,
And press our kisses on his feet and hands;
In every man that suffers, he, the Man of Sorrows, stands!

Author Unknown

(From Clark and Clark's "Poems for the Great Days")

THE PEOPLES CHURCH

Invites You

To Share The Lenten Season With Us

Hear

DR. PRESTON BRADLEY

In Vital Subjects

PALM SUNDAY, April 10

11:00 a.m.—"The Challenge of Jesus"
7:30 p.m.—"What Would Jesus Do Now?"

HOLY WEEK—April 11 to 15

LOOP SERVICES

Erlanger Theatre, 127 N. Clark St.
Every noon—12:10 to 12:40

THEME: "The Power of Religion"

Monday, April 11—"Have You Met Yourself?"
Tuesday, April 12—"Have You Time to Live?"
Wednesday, April 13—"Have You Peace of Mind?"
Thursday, April 14—"Have You Spiritual Power?"
Friday, April 15—"Have You Been Defeated?"

CHURCH SERVICES

Peoples Church, Lawrence Av. at Sheridan Rd.
Every night—8 o'clock

THEME: "Personal Problems Answered"

Monday, April 11—"Are You Afraid?"
Tuesday, April 12—"Are You Worried?"
Wednesday, April 13—"Journey Through the Bible"—Ferguson
Thursday, April 14—"Are You Forgotten?"
Friday, April 15—"Are You Being Crucified?"

EASTER SUNDAY, APRIL 17—FOUR SERVICES

9:00 a.m.—"The Dawn Breaks"
11:00 a.m.—"We Do Know"
3:30 p.m.—"The Next Witness"

New Members to be Received
Christening Service for Children

7:30 p.m.—"Are You Worthy of Immortality?"

Closing Sunday Evening Service

All Sunday Morning Services Broadcast by WJJD

"REBUILDING OUR WORLD"

SERMON BY DR. PRESTON BRADLEY
Pastor of The Peoples Church of Chicago
March 6, 1949

ALMOST casual glance at human history confirms that history is pretty much a process of tearing down and building up. We can take any page of human history in the nearly six thousand years of the record which man has been making with the unfoldment of the centuries and there we will discover quite clearly that man has a record of a continuous process of building and destroying.

He goes on for a few generations giving a hopeful and encouraging example of the constructive process and feels, in the center of that activity, that he is accomplishing much. It is a period of enthusiasm, a period usually which is characterized by fraternal relationships with his fellowmen. It is a period of science and invention; it is a period of discovery. Those periods in the life of mankind are most pronounced, and any casual observer cannot help but classify them as I suggest them to you.

Invariably there are ultimate reactions to his moments of action. One of the best established principles of physics is, there can be no action without reaction: that is a fundamental principle; nothing ever disturbs the operation of that principle. It is not only true in the corporate life of mankind, as we think of human history, it is likewise true in the individual living of life. We seem to be in a cosmos where that remains inevitable; there can be no action, neither privately nor corporately, without reaction. Every physicist understands this law as applied to a materialistic concept. Those who see the analogy between materialistic law and spiritual law readily recognize that it is also applicable in the realm of the spiritual, so in human history, straight through the centuries man has had his moments of great creativeness, of great constructiveness, of great progress, each inevitably succeeded by moments of disintegration, by defeatism which inspired cynicism, and the cynicism destroying faith. So when man stood at the apex of his creative genius and saw the result of that genius applied to his own affairs, man felt that he was in a universe ordained and constituted fundamentally for growth and progress. Then when the inevitable reaction occurred, (and I am generalizing principles and not being specific with examples because I think every critical listener will have the examples ready in his own thought) then it was that man started his period of reaction, and it was in his reaction that his sense of defeatism was fostered and developed. That is why, in our individual experience, and this is the personal application of this principle in our world, that is why when a person feels under his feet a solidarity and cohesiveness of life, when he is in perfect health and everything seems to be going along well for him, when there is a great serenity in his soul and he feels that he stands on some altitude where he is impervious to any form of defeat or destruction, then it is that man's sense of security may be his destruction. I suppose it was that position which the great philosopher had in mind when he said, "Let any man take heed when he feels the strongest

lest he fall and he himself become a castaway."

It is in moments when we feel surrounded by undefeatable forces that we are apt to be less kind toward those who are failures and those who are defeated; strength is very uncharitable towards weakness. People who have a sense of mastery and control have little deep sympathy with those who are smashing and breaking in life. There is a certain psychological aspect to that situation: people who are naturally and deeply honest and who have a sense of moral rectitude have very little patience with people who are dishonest and immoral. People who have such a basic integration of their own lives that they feel an independency from being dependent upon anything, any people, anybody, any church, anything, but who stand coronated with a certain stability and strength, impervious and strong, they are usually the most uncharitable and basically the most unkind. It is only when people have a sympathetic appreciation of another's weakness and another's tragedy that they can properly associate themselves constructively with those who are failing and those who are defeated.

So in man's moment of great supremacy in history man felt then an impervious attitude toward anything that would promote suspicion or defeat. There have been moments like this in our modern world within the lifetime of all of us. At the conclusion of that period of history from 1914 until about 1918, when man felt that he had within himself the competency to create a machinery which, because of the character and rectitude of the machinery, would be able to solve his problems of international relations, that machinery expressed itself in something called "The League of Nations." There was a great universal enthusiasm throughout most of the world. While there were solitary voices who thought they saw inherent weaknesses that could destroy the plan, yet on the whole most of the people felt that here at last was a machine which would do the things they wanted done in international comity and understanding.

We know what happened when the reaction from that action settled down upon the modern world. A few years ago we had a nearer and a better example. I was privileged, as you know, at that particular time, to be a part of that great hour when in that beautiful Opera House in San Francisco I saw the nations of the world and the leaders of those nations finally reaching a climax in which the ideal of unity never had a more objective presentation in international affairs, and as those representatives, black, white, red, yellow, Catholic, Protestant, Buddhist, Confucian, Atheist, as those representatives walked across the stage of the Opera House in San Francisco and signed in behalf of their respective governments and peoples the documents of the United Nations Charter, there was such an indescribable feeling in the atmosphere—it was almost mystic—and the radio was able to pick it up and to carry it to every hamlet and fireside of the world. Wherever the millions and millions of the earth were listening, there was described to them in the artistry and power of the commentators the scene which was taking place in that Opera House. There were, probably, a few days in which the entire world, even our late enemy nations, could not help but feel that "Here is one of the great creative hours of human history! Here is a great moment of building for the world!" It is indescribable for me to project either to a visible or an invisible audience the spirit of that occasion; and the spirit in which the world remained for a few days. Nothing ever like it in history! Nothing! The whole world said, "At last we have the machine, we have

a United Nations Charter."

There was a great deal of misunderstanding about that Charter, and there is yet, for most people even now, in spite of what they have been told, and rightly so, by the press and the radio and by the personalities who were a part of that great meeting, do not realize that the United Nations never was intended to be a peacemaker. The United Nations never was established to make peace. That never was the purpose of it. It is not the purpose of it now. The United Nations was designed, and the only purpose it has ever had, was to *keep* peace *AFTER PEACE WAS CREATED BY THE NATIONS.* The nations are the ones to make the peace, and the various legislative and parliamentary assemblies of the nations are the constituted institutions for the making of peace.

Four years or more have passed and that peace has not been made by the nations of the world, and technically and legally the United States of America is now at war. All we have is merely an Armistice. There is not, officially, a war ended. We are, technically, at war today. It was the business, and is the business, of the United Nations to maintain peace when peace is presented to it. It is not a peacemaking body.

Now, and I use it only by way of example, has come that reaction which has settled down upon the world. So we face another era, another epoch, in which it is the lot of our generation, not to build, but to rebuild; not to create, but to recreate. That is to be our unique service. The task in a moment of reaction is to rebuild. "Re" is the old Latin prefix which means "again" —to build *again.* When you recreate, you create *again;* when you rebuild you build *again;* when you remake you make *again.* This epoch must be thought of then primarily, it seems to me, as an epoch in which we must build again, rebuild.

When one thinks of rebuilding one must recognize the plan and the pattern. If you have a house and it burns down and you want to rebuild that house it is necessary for you to find again, if you want to restore the house as it was, the exact pattern of the builder; if you want to duplicate, use the identical plan in rebuilding, that is obvious. If some great institution has been destroyed, some great building has collapsed and the builders want to rebuild, they follow the same principle. The bridge builder does it with the bridge. It is perfectly obvious and well accepted as the necessary technique.

Very well, dare we apply that to our world and to our pattern of a world and to our individual lives, if it is necessary, and it is, to rebuild now, for we are in a period of reaction and it is necessary in your life and mine to rebuild and reconstruct that life.

What are the most important factors that must be taken into consideration? *THE PLAN, THE PATTERN!* If your life needs rebuilding, and my life needs rebuilding, what kind of a plan are we going to rebuild it on? I have to go to work with my life, and I do, you have to go to work with your life, to rebuild it. What is the pattern? What is the plan in the task of rebuilding a world which it is now plainly obvious is undergoing certain psychological changes? The thing that happened in Russia this week cannot be explained merely by what is going to happen to the Russian policy under a new leadership in the Foreign Office, but it is to be explained on the psychological factor of what has happened by pressure upon the Kremlin; not from bombs or military display, or a change of officers in our own Department of Defense or War, but in certain intangible psychological factors, and these factors are now at work at No. 10 Down-

ing Street, they are now at work on Capitol Hill and in the White House, they are now at work in the Kremlin, in Rome, *THEY ARE NOW AT WORK,* and any individual must see beyond the reality of the objective, that which is so easily discernible in the coming and going of the personalities; in the statesmanship, so-called, of the world, working behind the scene of all this, the undeniable influences that I have been considering and speaking about for months. I find, every twenty-four hours, an affirmation of my interpretation of modern events, and as these weeks go by, in this period of reaction and rebuilding in a world, you are going to see more of it and not less. The waters are troubled, there are subterranean currents underneath us all, underneath the world, something is happening! A world is about to begin a rebuilding process and the spirit behind that is not controlled by human governments. That's the point I want to make: *THE SPIRIT BEHIND THAT IS NOT CONTROLLED BY HUMAN GOVERNMENTS! THE LITTLE MACHINERY OF MAN, THE LITTLE UNITED NATIONS, THE LITTLE LEAGUE OF NATIONS, THE LITTLE WORLD COURT, THE LITTLE COMING AND GOING OF PRESIDENTS AND DIPLOMATS, THE RISE AND FALL OF PERSONALITIES, ALL THESE ARE BUT THE PUTTY IN THE HANDS OF THE ETERNAL!*

It is well for us in this Lenten Season to realize that for all our dependency upon machinery, all of our assurance as to the perfectibility of man's creative energies in technique, that all of the things that you and I have anchored to, are amenable to something higher, something more powerful, something that does not know defeat; something that our little machinery and little equipment of life can never deviate from its ultimate purpose.

There is a destiny for man, *THERE IS A DESTINY FOR MAN, AND MAN'S LITTLENESS CAN NEVER DEFEAT GOD'S GREATNESS!* Man has tried it and has failed, tragically failed. So the important thing in man, the individual, is his sensitiveness to his value. It is a good thing to remember in this Lenten Season.

In the first book which I ever wrote, a book called "Courage For Today," is a story which I am going to tell you now. The book is now out of print, and I regret that, because in going over it again this week, although this book was written and published many years ago, I was interestedly surprised (I say this quite humbly and do not want to be misunderstood) in some of the sentences in that book, in the light of modern history, and I would suggest that those of you who own a copy of it and might have read it earlier, would reread it now, in the light of what is happening in the world today. I can see these truths so clearly and so plainly that I have an overpowering burden in which I covet the opportunity of reaching just as many human hearts as I can reach in this hour. I feel it a burden. In the first paragraph of that book I told the little story which tells it all. A man took home to his little boy one night a jig-saw puzzle, and it was rather complicated. It was a map of the world. The little boy sat down and worked just a few minutes, and the father looked up and said, "Why, son, have you put the jig-saw puzzle together so soon?" The father, father-like, was feeling a little proud and thought that his boy was unusually smart, *"He is my son!"* And he said to the little boy, "Son, how did you happen to do it so quickly?" The boy looked at him and said, "Father, there was a picture of a man on the other side. *I put the man together and the world came out all right."*

TRIBUTE TO ROBERT HARLING OF THE HONOR ROLL OF THE PEOPLES CHURCH

offered by Dr. Bradley during the responsive reading of the Church Litany, at the Sunday Morning Service, March 6th, 1949, in The Peoples Church of Chicago.

In our moment of reverence and of memory for those who have passed from our midst during the past week, I want to particularly call to your attention the family of one very dear and very near to me. We have lost one of our boys who was on our Honor Roll. He went through the frightful experiences in the South Pacific. Two weeks ago this morning he and his father and mother were in this Church at our Lincoln Service. I had a very delightful visit with them. Friday he left his home to go to the Western Electric Company, where he was employed, bought his newspaper at the corner stand, said "Goodbye" to his mother. She saw him in the bus. She was preparing dinner when a police officer and a representative of the Western Electric Company came to inform the family that he was dead.

The service for Robert Harling will be held at 3905 Lincoln Avenue, Monday afternoon at 2:30.

His grandmother and my mother were sisters. It comes very near and very close to my heart and my life. He was a war casualty just as much as if he had died while he fought so bravely in the South Pacific. Robert is going to be taken to our little home in Linden, Michigan, where a graveside service will be held in the Village Cemetery on Tuesday morning, at 10:00 o'clock.

The only son; as fine a young man as I have ever known, and I have known him all of his life. And you can imagine the feeling of grief in the hearts of that father and mother. So in this Church which he loved and which was a part of his life and which carries his name on our Honor Roll, in this moment of memory our hearts go out to all—all who are suffering this indescribable agony of loss of loved ones.

THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

941 Lawrence Avenue

Sunday Morning Services. . . 11 o'clock
Broadcast by WJJD
Sunday Evening Services. . 7:30 o'clock
Not Broadcast
Sunday Evening Services Close for Summer on April 17—Easter Sunday
Church School. . . . Sundays, 9:30 a.m.
Mr. Robert Crosswhite, Supt.
LENT began on March 2
PALM SUNDAY is APRIL 10
EASTER is April 17

APRIL BOOK LECTURES

April 6—"The Sin of Our Age," by D. R. Davies

April 13—"Journey Through the Bible," by Walter Ferguson.

April 13 is the closing Wednesday evening book lecture for the 1948-49 season of lectures.

The 1949-50 season will open the first Wednesday evening in November.

APRIL IN THE WOMAN'S CLUB

Another "Indoor Garden Party" has been planned by Mrs. O. N. Naylor, Garden Chairman of the Woman's Club.

On Monday, April 4, at 1 p.m., those who enter Anderson Hall of the Peoples Church, will find the hall decked with flowers, "planted" there by Mrs. Naylor and her committee. Mrs. Thomas A. Harrison and Mrs. H. B. Hunter will arrange an unusual centerpiece for the tea table of a miniature garden.

A program of piano solos, reflecting the moods of nature will be given by Robert Metzler, pianist; and there will be a showing of colored movies of flowers and the out-of-doors by Eugene Ericson, photographer.

The Annual Meeting and Election of Officers will take place on April 18, and the culminating event of the season, the Annual Spring Luncheon, will be held Monday, May 2, the program to be announced later in the Church Calendar.

PROFESSIONAL AND BUSINESS WOMAN'S CLUB

Two annual events will take place during April in the Business Woman's Club: the Annual Card Party (for philanthropic purposes) will occur Tuesday evening, April 5, in Anderson Hall. There will be door and table prizes, refreshments and a social evening to which the public is invited. Guests may make up their own tables or not, as they wish.

The Ways and Means Chairman, Christine M. Engstrom, is in charge and tickets of admission and reservations may be arranged with her. Donation, $1.

The Annual Meeting and Election of Officers will be held on April 26, and on Tuesday evening, May 10, the club will celebrate its Tenth Anniversary. The place of this celebration and the program will be announced later.

MEN'S CLUB

At the April meeting of the Men's Club, to be held Monday evening, April 25, they will present Mr. Arni Helgason, Icelandic Consul, who will show Movies of Iceland in Technicolor.

The Season's closing meeting will be on Monday evening, May 23, at which Dr. Preston Bradley will be the speaker of the evening.

THE CHOIR

Mr. Walter Flandorf, Organist and Choir Director of the Peoples Church, will be glad to welcome for audition all who would like to assist the church with its music, especially the music for Easter Sunday. The auditions are at 7:30 every Friday evening, and rehearsals at 8 o'clock, in the church auditorium.

A musical treat was given the members of the church, their friends, and Uptown Chicago, on Tuesday evening, March 15, when The Peoples Church Choir and Quartet, Walter Flandorf, Director, presented the entire "Messiah" by George Frederic Handel, as nearly as possible like the original performance in Dublin, Ireland, on April 13, 1742.

The Choir was assisted by members of Zion Symphony Orchestra and Waukegan Symphony Orchestra and Zion White-Robed Choir. The soloists were Ethel Reid Lundberg, Soprano; Miriam Norman, Soprano; Marcia Sandahl, Contralto; Alfred Wiser, Tenor; Irving Prescott, Baritone; Theodore Neave, Bass; and John L. Lewis, Guest Organist. The piano was arranged so as to represent the music of the harpsichord, there being no harpsichord available in Chicago. The splendid audience which attended evidenced their appreciation in a generous free-will offering, and altogether the affair was a marked success, and a credit to the work of Mr. Flandorf.

THE UPTOWN PLAYERS APRIL DRAMA TEA

Sunday, April 3, is the date of the April Drama Tea of the Uptown Players. The teas are always held in Anderson Hall, and to obtain the best seats it is well to come early, for the teas have been exceptionally popular all season.

Two one-act plays will be given, "The Terrible Meek," directed by J. Bradley-Griffin, and with Mary Clark and J. Bradley-Griffin in the cast; and in addition an original play written and directed by Walter Gruenwald of the Players. Guest artists will be announced a little later.

For their April production the Players have selected "PORTRAIT IN BLACK," by Ivan Goff and Ben Roberts, a gripping mystery play that you won't want to miss. Tanis, a ship owner's widow, is in love with the doctor who helped kill her husband, and is loved by a lawyer who manages the husband's estate.

That murder is out and the murderers are on the loose is apparent from the shocking second when the first scene descends on the confession.

An anonymous letter informs the guilty pair that the crime is known. To protect themselves they must commit another murder, but the second crime fails to bring them security, and the anguished couple feel the grip of destiny tightening on them until the explosive denouement occurs. The action of the play is breathlessly uphill, racing into peaks of suspense, terror, discovery and confession.

The dates of the production are

Wednesday, April 6,
Thursday, April 7,
Saturday, April 9,
Sunday, April 10

Curtain for the Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday performances is at 8:30 p.m. and on Sunday, at 3 o'clock.

April auditions will be held Sunday, April 17, at 3 o'clock, at the studios of the Players, 1149 N. LaSalle Street. Anyone interested in any phase of the theater is always eligible for audition.

STATEMENTS OF PURPOSE

(Published by the Division of Publications, American Unitarian Association, 25 Beacon Street, Boston 8, Mass.)

THE COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS, by action of the General Court, chartered the A. U. A. in 1847 for the "promotion of the interests of moral and religious instruction." In 1905 the General Court broadened the statement in the Charter to include "moral, religious, educational and charitable purposes."

* * *

The BY-LAWS as adopted in 1937 and amended in 1938, 1939, 1940, 1941, 1946 and 1947 state:

The purpose of the American Unitarian Association shall be:

1—To diffuse the knowledge and promote the interests of pure religion, which, in accordance with the teachings of Jesus, is summed up in love to God and love to man;

2—To strengthen the churches which unite in the Association for more and better work for the Kingdom of God;

3—To organize new churches for the extension of our faith in our own country and in other lands;

4—And to encourage sympathy and

cooperation among religious liberals at home and abroad.

5—The Association recognizes that its constituency is congregational in tradition and policy, and that nothing in these By-Laws is to be construed as an authoritative test.

* * *

The 1930 TRACT COMMISSION of the Association formulated the following statement of publishing policies, which was unanimously adopted by the Board of Directors:

Unitarian churches are dedicated to the progressive transformation and ennoblement of individual and social life, through religion, in accordance with the advancing knowledge and the growing vision of mankind. Bound by this common purpose, and committed to freedom of belief, Unitarians hold in unity of spirit a diversity of convictions.

These pamphlets, representing free inquiry and varying opinions, are issued to promote the purpose of fellowship.

* * *

COMMITTEE "A" formulated the following Unitarian Working Principles, which were adopted by the Board in 1944 for discussion and consideration by the churches:

1—Individual freedom of belief;

2—Discipleship to advancing truth;

3—The democratic process in human relations;

4—Universal brotherhood, undivided by nation, race or creed;

5—Allegiance to the cause of a united world community.

HOW GREEN WAS MY VALLEY

(On February 28th. Dr. Bradley interviewed Rev. W. J. Griffith, the Pastor of Hebron Church at Adams St. and Francisco Av. The interview concerned the celebration March 1st, of St. David's Day by the Welsh people. St. David is the patron saint of the Welsh people. Dr. Bradley spoke of Wales as the little land of song, preaching and poetry, and read at the close of the broadcast the following poem which was written by Rev. Griffith:)

How Green was my valley,
How lovely the dales,
Before there were factories
In beautiful Wales.

The cattle reclining
On meadow and hill,
God's peace on the landscape
So quiet and still.

Those little white houses,
Immaculate, clean,
Like God's benediction
In settings of green.

So used to the rustic
Of pastoral dells,
Their roofs are too tender
For shrapnels and shells.

Each church in my valley
A prayer in stone,
And all the white houses
With souls of their own.

Now, factories are belching
Their smoke to the sky;
For coal must be blasted
And miners must die.

The mountains look sickly
With fumes on their brow;
How green was my valley
How *black* it is now.

—W. J. Griffith

The Liberalist

FREEDOM—FELLOWSHIP—CHARACTER

PRESTON BRADLEY, LL.D., D.D.....Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY.....Associate Editor
ETHEL WELLS SMALLEY.....Assistant to the Editor
MAY H. HARRISON.....Business Manager

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EDITORIAL

THE whole idea of Easter to me, is associated with the great ideas of all time; from the very beginning of man's thinking man has speculated deeply on the continuity of life. He has developed philosophy after philosophy based upon what life has done to him. He has constructed schools of thinking which have commanded his loyalties for which he has bravely and heroically died. Man has been building a philosophy and an attitude toward this great experience of life. But what are these ideas and thoughts that come leaping through our minds on this day of such triumphant pageantry and imagery?

If we are thinking of this earth as some great mechanism turned loose by some inexplicable force to obey the laws of physics until the final and complete annihilation and disaster, if that is the attitude toward the universe, what has the fact of Easter to say about that? How can this mind of man stand up against the Easter reality? If it is only an uncontrollable destiny which we have, better we had not been born; better that there had never been a single dream or a single hope; better that the human creative spirit that sought to capture beauty and love had never felt the imperative of either; better the night and the dark and oblivion. But on this day the rationalization of men's minds finds a resistance in the heart of man in the presence of the fact that the universe itself is a re-creating institution operating under the divine principle of intelligent creation and when the physical limitations of a materialistic mind seek to tell us of the answer we suddenly hear "The Lord God omnipotent reigneth!" and the arguments of the materialist and the formulas of the scientist and the creeds of the dogmatist become little unimportant things as we read into the structure of life a divine purpose for life.

To me, the most significant fact which can lodge in the consciousness of any of us on this Easter Day is the sublime and almost inexpressible truth that the soul of man, no matter what the darkness and the hate and the in-

trigue and the heartaches of life do, is a part of the divine order. I think that is the very heart and soul of the Easter truth. We are not in a mechanistic world which is run by the principles of pure materialism; we are in a world in which every groan and agony of civilization which it has passed through is an affirmation that a tomb shall be broken and that an empire cannot confine man in dark imprisonment against the illumination of the soul; that the selfish, greedy, ambitious men and nations cannot keep that stone in front of the tomb. They think they can, yet the tragedy of Good Friday is the tragedy of an assumed finality. Every soldier who participated in the death of Jesus thought he had finished something. Every Roman officer, Pilate and Caiaphas, every high priest, every Pharisee and every Sadducee, every one of them that had to do with this ghastly deed experienced what he thought was the compensation of finality. "Now we have killed him and he is dead!" That is what evil always thinks. *THEY DID NOT KNOW THAT YOU CANNOT KILL THE TRUTH! THEY DID NOT KNOW THAT YOU CANNOT DESTROY LOVE!* There is no power that anyone can use, no matter what they think or what they try, *there is no power that can destroy love.*

That is what Easter says to the human heart, and against this background of a purposeful universe in which we live is also the revelation of Easter as to the magnitude of God himself and of Love itself. How it deepens and changes our whole attitude when we see that open tomb. A resurrected Christ is conclusive evidence that he was unfinished in his task. Men don't live again if their work is done. His task was incomplete, there was something else to be done. There was work yet to be done.

Thou Christ of Easter Day, it is not the creeds, the ceremonies of the Church that affirm Thy Godlikeness, it is not our bedecked bodies, it is not even the joy of our hearts that we know. something happens that makes life different. No, there is work to be done, Thy work. So walk from the altars of the Resurrection Morn, great and powerful Christ, who could meet the passion of death; walk out of the open church doors into the streets, avenues, lanes, highways and byways, Thou Galilean Conqueror; Thou dost not need to worry now; there is nothing that can hurt Thee any more. Walk the highways of the world, Galilean poet! Walk into the council of the men of nations, shame them by Thy presence, sit down at the green-covered tables of the world's diplomacy, walk into the portals of the White House, sit down, and when the time comes *ARISE* in a United States Senate, and United States House of Representatives. *SPEAK WITH THE SAME AUTHORITY AND IN THE VOICE THOU DIDST HAVE WHEN WIND AND WAVES OBEYED THEE AND THE STORMS OF LIFE CEASED AND THE QUIET CAME! THOU HAST WON, GALILEAN!* All the fire of hell can pull and gnaw at Thy heart, Thou hast nothing to fear now, *NOTHING!*

And Easter is only true in your life and mine if we say we will follow that Christ. We cannot leave the burden alone on him. Are we ready to do that? Does He have command of the full loyalties of your life? I wonder. It is not Easter if He has not.

It is rather interesting on this Easter morn, and it is appropriately beautiful, that the first one on Easter morn at the tomb was a woman. She had the courage. She was the first one at the tomb on this Easter day. She did not permit anything, the cruelty, the hate, the misunderstanding, to keep her heart

from her Lord. *LOVE IS NEVER AFRAID! LOVE CANNOT STOP TO SAY "WHAT WILL THEY THINK? WHAT WILL THEY SAY? WHAT WILL THEY DO?"* Mary cried "Master! Teacher!" and that was enough. That is in the Easter story too. A little beautiful thing in the Easter message that we have all forgotten, the loveliness, the indestructible beauty of love.

I hope that you will find in the day the fulfillment and the completion of every beautiful thing; I hope that all your disappointments will turn into realizations; I hope that every loveless heart will find love and every friendless life will find friends. My Easter wish for the world is PEACE, PEACE, Peace for His world, and we could have peace so easily, so simply. I wish peace for my world. I wish Easter for every heart, for every life, that is my Easter wish, it is my Easter prayer.

BOOK CHATS

IT SEEMS to me that nothing could be of more general interest to the majority of the American people than a book called *Molders of Opinion*. It was published in 1945 and the chapters first appeared as articles in THE SIGN magazine. It consists of biographies of fourteen commentators and newspaper columnists. These biographies while fairly brief, are yet surprisingly full of information. The book is by nearly as many authors as there are biographies. Three of the biographies are by John B. Kennedy, two by John C. O'Brien, and two by Leo Egan. The others are each by a different author, eminent journalist, or international correspondent. This is a series of brilliant sketches and the book is edited by David Bulman. Knowing the background of these Molders of Opinion is a valuable asset in judging of their work, and here you have an opportunity to acquire it in a rather small book of 166 pages. Here you will find a complete picture of each personality: his early education, his experience in the field, his basic beliefs, his hobbies.

Perhaps a reading of this book will give you a more balanced judgment whether it be about your favorite newscaster, or your most disliked one—if you are given to being extreme in the matter. There are sketches of Paul Mallon, who John Jay Daly calls the "Lone Wolf of the Potomac," and of whom he says that "when Paul Mallon stepped out of the ranks of Capitol Hill reporters, he left behind him one of the fascinating stories of spot news journalism." The story of how he beat the world by about two hours on the strange inauguration of Calvin Coolidge as President of the United States will fire the imagination of any of your young people; and as I read this first biography in the book, it occurred to me that perhaps there could be no small book which would do more to stimulate the imagination of our young people than this book with the rather drab title of *Molders of Opinion*.

These sketches are all told in down to earth fashion, with the findings of the writers given without fear or favor. Here you will discover who "has the patronizing bedside manner of a hur-

ried $20 physician," which one "aims at the heart more than he aims at the head" and is estimated to have an audience of between eleven and fourteen million. You will read the stories of Walter Lippmann, Gabriel Heatter, Dorothy Thompson, H. V. Kaltenborn, Westbrook Pegler, Fulton Lewis, Jr., Sumner Welles, Raymond Gram Swing, Drew Pearson, David Lawrence, John B. Kennedy (whose story is told by Leo Egan); and Mr. Kennedy himself has written the stories of Dorothy Thompson, which is extremely interesting and analytical, as well as of Westbrook Pegler and Walter Winchell).

When the editor asked Mr. James M. Gillis to do a sketch for the book, Mr. Gillis begged off at first, as he was not pleased with the subject assigned him. The editor then told Mr. Gillis to take for a subject someone he liked, at which Mr. Gillis was greatly pleased and selected George Ephraim Sokolsky, who has knocked about the globe in various journalistic capacities. After he left the Columbia University School of Journalism in 1917, he became editor of the Russian Daily News published in what was then Petrograd. The following year he was assistant editor in Tientsin of the North China Star. Going to Shanghai, he became President of the Shanghai Journal of Commerce from 1921 to 1924. During his years in China until 1930, Sokolsky served as Shanghai correspondent for a number of American newspapers—the old New York World, the New York Evening Post, the Philadelphia Public Ledger—as well as for the London Daily Express and the Japan Advertiser. After his return to the States Sokolsky wrote for the New York Herald Tribune until 1940, when he started his present syndicated column which appears in the New York Sun and other papers across the country. In addition he has found time to write a number of books: from "Outlines of Universal History" in 1928 down to "The American Way of Life in 1939." Between those dates he wrote "We Jews, Tinder Box of Asia" and "Labor's Fight for Power." For some 12 pages Mr. Gillis explains why he likes Sokolsky, in a very excellent and thorough-going analysis. He says he likes him because he seems to him to be so consistently and so remarkably right. And he adds, right and forthright, claiming the two go together; and that any newspaperman, competent enough to write for a national syndicate, has means of getting at the truth. The question is, says Mr. Gillis, will he tell the truth when he has found it. And he adds, that he will, unless he has an ax to grind, a thesis to maintain at all costs, or an overlord to serve. And then Mr. Gillis says, "As far as I can make out from some years of reading Sokolsky, he suffers no restraint from criticism and he is independent of external control." Still speaking of Mr. Sokolsky, Mr. Gillis says "In one of his columns he inveighs —vigorously as usual—against men who 'insult the intelligence of the American people by wantonly speaking what they do not *know* to be true, and, what is worse, what they do not believe; who say in public what they denounce in private; who mouth sentences with the object of gaining a following; who hurl phrases and speak slogans which upon analysis develop no greater thought than that contained in current popular songs.' These tricks of the trade would obviously fail if the general public were shrewd and critical. But as Sokolsky says, 'The people (not all the people all the time, but too many of the people too much of the time), prefer slogans to analysis of ideas, movements and purposes. They will fight for a stereotyped phrase which defies definition. The moment one of these slogans meets a definition

it collapses. What we should demand, therefore, are clear-cut statements, not headline material, captions, punch lines.' "

Now I have read this paragraph because it gives a very good reason why it would be well to know about the sources of the information we hear, or read. No one of us listens or reads without bias. We have our "pet" commentators, our favorite "columnists." Perhaps we know very little about them, but we like the voice, or the opinions coincide with our own, or we have seen the man's picture, or the woman's, and she or he appears to us to be someone we can believe in. And, by the way, if you like pictures, there are full-page portraits of all the people I have mentioned in this book. Perhaps a careful reading of the book will sweep away some of the prejudices you have harbored against someone; perhaps it will in some way dim the glamor another has had for you—I do not know, but I think we should never fear the truth.

Again I quote Mr. Gilles, who says "Such a demand for honesty in journalism and, I may add, in politics and diplomacy, is right down my alley. I have for years been crying aloud that the world might be saved by truth-telling. My favorite text of late, as far as national and international affairs are concerned is, 'You shall know the truth, and the truth will make you free,' or that of St. Ambrose, 'Tell the truth; God has no need of a lie.' We cannot build the state—especially the world state—upon the ruins of honesty. Yet some politicians, high and low, try to do just that. Not that they have a grudge against the truth, or a predilection for falsehood. They are 'broad-minded' enough to look with equal favor upon the one and the other. If truth will do the job better than a lie, they use the truth; if a lie will achieve the objective more quickly or more easily, they use the lie. It is part of the job of the journalist to detect and to expose this pragmatism (some call it realism)."

In speaking of getting at the truth, it is interesting to recall that Paul Mallon, whose biography appears as the first in this book, was responsible for the abolishing of secret sessions of the Senate, (unless voted for by a majority of the Senate, and that has been done only twice since 1929). Paul Mallon made an exposure of the secret roll call of the Senate, telling how each Senator voted, and we have been able to know the truth on this subject ever since. Twice the White House Correspondents made Paul Mallon their president—tribute at that time to the Number One reporter of the United States.

In writing of Mr. David Lawrence, Mr. John C. O'Brien says that Mr. Lawrence is the exception who proves the rule that working newspapermen seldom achieve financial success. When he enrolled at Princeton University in the fall of 1906, he had exactly $25 in his pocket and definite assurance that he could expect no remittances from home. Today, at the age of 56 (says Mr. O'Brien, for this book was published in 1945) Lawrence has the reputation of being the wealthiest working newspaperman in Washington. In addition to a syndicated column in 140 newspapers with a combined circulation of 7,000,000, he receives a salary from a thriving publishing enterprise employing 800 persons which he built up from scratch through his own tireless effort. Yet he maintains he is not much of a business man. Any considered perusal of Lawrence's writings leaves the impression, says Mr. O'Brien, that he is a man deeply imbued with Christian principles. He clings to the simple principles of the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man." *Molders*

of Opinion, is published by Bruce Publ. Company of Milwaukee and is not expensive.

* * *

And now I bring to your attention the latest book written by the distinguished American novelist, Sinclair Lewis, which he calls *The God Seeker.* This novel is already attracting nation-wide attention from critics, reviewers and readers. The interest in *The God Seeker* I am quite certain will increase until it will become one of the most widely discussed novels written for some time. From the year 1914, when Sinclair Lewis published his *Our Mr. Wrenn,* until the present, with the publication of this latest book, he has written twenty-one novels.

I remember shortly after his *Main Street* was published in 1920, Sinclair Lewis was the guest at a luncheon here in Chicago at the Cliff Dwellers' Club. Mr. Lloyd Lewis, one of our fine writers, presided at the luncheon. It was the first, though not the last time I had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Sinclair Lewis. The whole country was talking about his novel *Main Street.* I shall not forget what Mr. Lloyd Lewis had to say about Sinclair Lewis when he presented him at the luncheon. He gave a review of his life, his early days in Minnesota, his days at Yale, when he first gave evidence of his writing ability, his early stories that failed to impress very many until *Main Street* was published, and then he paid Mr. Lewis a compliment by saying that he thought Sinclair Lewis would become the American Dickens and would live in our literature as achieving that distinction, and also that Lewis would write the great American novel which literary people had been hoping would come into being. The only basis upon which Mr. Lloyd Lewis could make that statement was the promise Sinclair Lewis showed with *Main Street.* Since that time Sinclair Lewis has experienced some ups and downs in his literary activity and my own humble opinion is that there were more downs than ups. Yet running through all of his novels, and I have read them all, there is one motif which is always present and you could pick up any one of the 21 novels and if you knew one of them well, you would be able to identify the authorship of any other one, even though you did not know that Sinclair Lewis wrote it.

That is true I think with all people who are creative. While they may be uneven in their accomplishments, and their creativeness may take various forms and various themes, there will be one sustaining note in everything they do. If we were to find in a humble cottage on the coast of Brittany, ro'led away somewhere in a garret, a canvas which when brought to light would disclose the signature of the artists to be obscured and illegible, yet if it had the certain illusive strength of Millet or peasants painted with a certain interpretation, it wouldn't be difficult for one to identify it as a Millet come to light, because we know Millet. The same thing is true, if we were to find in a thatched-roof cottage somewhere in the Shakespeare country, an old chest and out of it would come a faded portfolio, with not even a name upon it, but which upon reading we would discover to have characters that partook of the quality of Hamlet or Macbeth or King Lear, one familiar with Shakespeare would immediately say he had found another play by the immortal bard.

The stamp of a man's work is upon all his work, though the work itself may vary. This is true of all the books which Sinclair Lewis has written. He has written some good books; he has written some bad books; and he has written two or three books which

I think will live as long as the American novel is read.

To me his greatest book was *Arrowsmith,* although many think *Dodsworth* his best. There is much that can be said for a book like *Main Street.* His novel *Babbitt* had its place as well and certainly no writer has contributed more to the language of the man-on-the-street than has Sinclair Lewis. *Babbitt* has become a term which is commonly used. *"Main Street"* is another. His novel *Dodsworth,* which he did 20 years ago, is one of the finest portrayals of the scientist in fiction which we have in our literature. But I think when you have said this you have said all. His book *Ann Vickers, Work of Art, It Can't Happen Here, The Prodigal Parents, Bethel Merriday, Gideon Planish, Cass Timberlane, Kingsblood Royal,* all were but a flash in the pan. They did not come even close in having the influence or being of the literary structure of two or three other of his novels.

As a great literary artist, and he is, one would think that his own norm for what constitutes good novel writing would have prevented him from publishing some of the books he authored. In most of them he was not the artist, he was merely the photographer, and while the photographer can be the artist in composition and in color, true art requires something beyond the capacity of a lens to capture with reality a segment or fragment of life.

And now Sinclair Lewis has given us a book entitled *The God Seeker,* and the title describes accurately the main character of the book, Aaron Gadd, whom we first meet in 1830 at the age of seven and who goes west to the Minnesota country in 1848 as a missionary. The book revolves around his experiences, his surging, overwhelming, overpowering love affairs, his sincerity, his questions, his struggle, his turmoil, of one seeking after God. Ministers have not been dealt with gently by Sinclair Lewis, as witness the venom wihich he poured into his Elmer Gantry, and into other places in his writings where a clergyman has been introduced, but something has happened to Sinclair Lewis. Perhaps the years and his own experiences with life have brought a mellowness and have revealed a depth to his own spiritual nature which perhaps he himself was not aware of, but whatever it is, biting, hurting cynicism and satire which have characterized so much of Lewis's writings occur only intermittently in *The God Seeker.*

Mr. Lewis won the Nobel prize on those novels that were biting and screaming with satire, but this novel of a young missionary going out of New England to the Indians of Minnesota and the pioneer country is of an entirely different tempo and spirit. Aaron Gadd was a young man with conscience. This conscience was always alert and active and ever created great agony for him when he was assailed by the temptations of life. But he had an emotional and intellectual fervor which enabled him to play a heroic part in the rugged drama of pioneer life.

Moving around Aaron are innumerable other characters drawn and etched as only one possessing great literary creativeness could possibly do. Sinclair Lewis is particularly fortunate in this book in drawing such a picture of the two women who came into the life of Aaron Gadd. Selene, daughter of an Indian woman and a Scotch fur trader, and Huldah, who was a loyal and spirited young missionary. The conflict within his own soul which these two women brought to his life is the story.

Quite apart from the development of Aaron Gadd himself, the book has value as a contribution to Americana. One gets a clear conception of what Massachusetts and New England were

like in 1830, and what it was like in this great mid-West in 1848, when Aaron Gadd came out as a young man and experienced his first impact against the frontier life. Sinclair Lewis must have done a great amount of research and study and reading in order to re-create so faithfully the pioneer community of Saint Paul, the places along the Minnesota and the Mississippi Rivers, making the book of value as a study of our American development. While there are innumerable fictional characters, there are also introduced historical personages with whom Sinclair Lewis takes no liberties, but keeps them in true historical perspective, something which every novelist who writes of history and historical personages should always do. I think it is his best book since Dodsworth, and clearly affirms that with the coming of the years and that inevitable maturity which we falsely call age, there also comes a deeper appreciation and a greater understanding of this thing which we call life.

P. B.

The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

By GRACE THAYER BRADLEY

THE sun shines bright this March Sunday afternoon and many people are out to enjoy it. Boys are tossing ball in the large open space where children always play, others are romping with their dogs, and the sidewalk bordering the park I might say is almost crowded—a steady stream of people, some walking their dogs on leashes, others with baby-prams, and many young couples strolling hand in hand.

Lake Michigan is blue as a summer day and the blue sky above it clear and cloudless. Nevertheless the atmosphere is not balmy, it is definitely M-a-r-c-h! The bark of the trees shows not one iota of change—they still stand black as charcoal, tracing their graceful patterns across the ground; and looking from my eighth story window across the treetops etched against the sky, I detect not the least hint of color in them. Usually by this time there is that indescribable rosy-silvery tint surrounding the treetops like a halo—and then we know *it is spring!*

With this April number of The Liberalist we salute our little magazine upon its 25th Birthday! Yes, indeed; for twenty-five years it has gone to press every month, and every month been mailed to its subscribers scattered all over this country; and it travels to several foreign countries where it has loyal friends who have written us at various times (specially through the war) saying we could not begin to estimate how much The Liberalist means to them—bringing them news of us and our church, particularly Dr. Bradley's sermons, book chats, etc.

It is a labor of love. It would have to be to be kept up through all these years. When we hear that our readers find pleasure and counsel and cheer in it, we are very happy. We do our best to make it interesting and helpful and we try our very best to get it out at a regular time. Now this is not easy.

Time has a way of creeping up on one, and it seems to me we don't have time to catch our breath when it is time for another Liberalist copy to be sent to the publisher. We are not often late, but it does happen once in a while, when things unforeseen, of equal importance (or perhaps of greater import) pile up, and copy is late getting to press, hence late in distribution, and we are always very sorry, and we appreciate the friends of the little magazine bearing with us and pardoning any delays there may be.

I have subscribed for an excellent Garden Magazine for many years. It is due to arrive the last of the month previous to its current date, but many times I receive it the second week of the month of its current date. I do not think it merits criticism of the editors or complaint on my part—I am glad when it comes and enjoy it!

When I look through the files of The Liberalist's early years, I find many things that recall pleasant memories—and often my eyes become misty as they dwell on mention of friends and earnest workers of long ago who have passed through the portal. I find many interesting articles, too. Bringing them to my husband's notice we laugh and enjoy talking over the memories they awaken.

All the Liberalists, a year at a time, have been bound in book form, and in fact they stand as substantial Church history. It was first printed by the North Shore News. The owner and editor of that neighborhood paper died a number of years ago, his wife preceding him only a short time before. It is now published by Kable Brothers Company, of Mount Morris, Illinois, a very large, fine concern, known the country over, and they celebrated their 50th anniversary last summer.

Now, then, it is time to give our attention to the Mail Bag, but first I want to say:—The Liberalist thanks you, the Editors thank you and the Church thanks you for your loyalty and your friendship. Some there are who have been readers of the little magazine since the beginning, others for many years, and some are new friends.

We hope the new friends will become "old friends" and the present "old friends" will still be our friendly readers, and that forward through the years we may gain new friends. May we count on you?

* * *

Doubtless many of you heard Dr. Bradley's broadcast and interview on the eve of the Welsh St. David's Day, with Rev. W. J. Griffith of the Hebron Church on Warren Boulevard. Rev Griffith has written a number of beautiful poems, and one of them we are privileged to print in this issue of the Liberalist, and I am also going to give you his letter for perusal in this column. Mr. Griffith writes:

"Dear Dr. Bradley:—Permit me in all sincerity to congratulate you on your speech Tuesday evening, March 8th, entitled, "The Mystery of Life." It was a gem. It had everything in it—logic and pathos, religion and science, philosophy and poetry, and delivered in a masterly way, so as to give great inspiration to your hearers.

"I pray the good Lord will spare your life and health for many more years to be a channel of blessings to your fellow men. Wish we could have copies of it to read at our leisure. It is a pity that WGN does not fill out this request. However, we hope to read it again in one of the books you may publish later. Again, thank you.

"Per your request, I am forwarding two poems which may fit into your closing thought sometime.

"Thank you for forwarding letters

after the broadcast of February 28 (Welsh Radio Talk) which I answer and keep for souvenirs. I am Yours Sincerely, W. J. Griffith."

* * *

From one who signs herself "A faithful listener," came this very kind letter:

"Dear Dr. Bradley:—Your splendid talk over the radio this evening was a most worthwhile one, and I do hope many listeners were tuned in and took time out to digest it. I do want to commend you. Your timely talk certainly "hit the nail on the head," so to speak.

"When reading our daily newspapers our minds do get so filled with thoughts that are very depressing indeed.

"I also enjoyed your closing thought which was a poem which contained much food for thought sent to you by the Duke of Paducah. Your radio programs are inspirational as well as profitable. I trust God will give you strength and good health to enable you to continue this good work for many years to come. A faithful listener, Lydia Huwe."

* * *

We will close with this next note of gratitude:

"Dear Dr. Bradley:—'Too long have I taken for granted' your Sunday morning and week-day broadcasts, the only programs I listen to with any regularity. Should they at any time be taken off the air I should no longer care to possess a radio, since they are the only programs affording mental stimulus, inspiration and comfort. My only excuse for not writing before is because of my inability to prove my sincerity and appreciation by a tangible evidence.

"With all best wishes for you and your sponsors. Very truly yours, Mrs. J. H. McArthur."

* * *

And now may I wish you all the joy and peace of Eastertide in your hearts and homes. And be sure you

KEEP-ON-THE-BEAM!

"CHRIST'S BREAD"

A broadcast given by Dr. Bradley on March 10, 1949, over WGN

HOW long has it been since you sat down and asked yourself the question, "What am I standing for?" Whether there is a conscious creation of an objective or not, whether you mean to stand for it or not, you are standing for something. All right, when people express an opinion about you, what will they say, if they give their judgment based upon the things for which you stand? Let me know what a person stands for, in politics, in religion, in every department of life, what they stand for as a father, as a mother, an employer, an employee—let me know what represents the real solidarity of a person, the thing they stand for, and I get a pretty good appraisal of that person's character. Most of us have lived through periods when we might have said that everything was rosy; everything was fine and lovely; and we all enjoyed it; but I think it gave lots of people fatty degeneration of the soul, because that can happen. One of the dangers of prosperity is that it is likely to corrode the soul, for that is not a time when the necessity exists for standing for something that might develop the finest strength of character. Strangely enough, it is in difficult times —"the times that try men's souls"— that there are opportunities for great strengthening of men's characters.

And all this reminds me of a story which I told over a nationwide hookup

about a year ago and which, because we are in the Lenten Season, I think it is very appropriate to relate again: Zelia M. Walters told it in Unity Magazine about three years ago. She called the story "Holy Bread." The story is about a man named Donnelly, and is a true story. Donnelly had been out of work for months. It was during the depression and he finally started begging, which he despised. One cold winter evening, standing at the entrance to a private club, a man was about to enter, accompanied by a woman, and Donnelly asked him for money to buy food. The man refused him, but the woman with him said, "O, Larry, we can't go in and eat a meal we don't need and leave a hungry man out here. Let's give him something." Donnelly heard what she had said and something like an electric shock passed through him. He was about to run away, when the woman's kindly voice said, "Here's a dollar. Buy yourself food and don't lose courage, even if things do look hard. There's a job for you somewhere. I hope you will find it soon." "Thanks, lady, you have given me a fresh start and a new heart. I'll never forget your kindness." "You will be eating Christ's bread. Pass it on," she said, with a friendly smile.

Donnelly found a cheap place to eat, spent 50 cents, and resolved to save the rest for another day. He would be eating Christ's bread for two days. Christ's bread; but one could not be saving up Christ's bread for one's self." An old man was shuffling along ahead of him. Perhaps he was hungry. Christ's bread must be shared. Donnelly caught up with him and said, "What do you say to going in and having a good meal?" The old man turned and looked at him and said, "You wouldn't fool me, would you, Buddy?" and he couldn't believe it until he was seated at an oilcloth-covered table with a bowl of stew before him. During the meal, Donnelly noticed that the old man was wrapping up part of his bread in a paper napkin. "Saving some for tomorrow, huh?" he asked. "No, there's a kid down my way. He has had tough luck and was crying when I left, hungry. I aim to give him the bread." Christ's bread, thought Donnelly, and felt as though there were someone else present at that oilcloth-covered table. The two of them took the bread to the hungry boy, who was happy to get it, and then he stopped and called a dog—a frightened, lost dog. "Here, Jack, you can have half of it," said the boy. Christ's bread. Yes, it would go to the four-footed brother, too. St. Frances of Assisi would have done that.

Donnelly turned as the old man left, and found the lost dog putting his cold nose into his hand. He bent over to pet it. There was a collar around its neck with the owner's name. He took the long walk uptown to the owner's home and rang the bell, and you can imagine how delighted the owner was. There was something of dignity about Donnelly that day, and the man said, "You know, I advertised in last night's paper a ten dollar reward. Here it is." Donnelly looked at the bill, half dazed. "I don't like to take it. I just wanted to do the dog a good turn." "Take it along. What you did is worth more than that to me—and do you want a job? Come to my office tomorrow. I need a man like you, who has ideas such as yours." And Donnelly started off down the avenue with the faint memory from out the dim past of his childhood of words that began—"Break thou the bread of life—"

Then I think a story that influenced me almost more than any other that came into my life was an incident that happened a long, long time ago. He was the son of one of the richest and most socially secure families in the City

of Boston; a brilliant graduate of Harvard University; had everything in the world; social position, financial security, ease, enjoyment; life was a beautiful thing, without any disturbances, without any storm. One day this young man stood looking out of the window of his Boston mansion, one of the most beautiful of the Beacon Hill mansions; and a mob of people were going by, dragging another man, with a rope around his neck. And this young man looked at that scene, turned, walked out into the hall, put on his coat and hat, and went out and faced that mob; and Wendell Phillips became a great apostle of freedom, for the man they were dragging through the streets was William Lloyd Garrison! This young man of refinement and culture raised his voice in behalf of the poor, the enslaved, the despised of the earth. He stood against slavery and electrified the North with his eloquence and power. He need not have done it; he might have remained safe and secure, but he could not. Something in his soul revolted and rebelled against injustice and cruelty and unkindness; and the name of Wendell Phillips shall live as long as history lives. As a young man, he stood for something!

At the time I first told the story of the Holy Bread, one of the miracles of radio occurred, for I received a letter from Philadelphia, from the author of the story, Zelia M. Walters. I had not known where she lived and she had not known I was going to tell her story, and I had no idea she was listening as I told her story. More than a million copies of that story have been distributed. It has gone into every English speaking country, France, Belgium, North Africa and Italy; it has been available in Braille for the blind, convicts have written her, and persons who wrote in pencil and could hardly express themselves in writing: doctors, ministers and people in public life, as well.

P. B.

DR. BRADLEY'S ENGAGEMENTS

FEBRUARY

2—Radio Address. WGN
Address, Chicago Woman's Club Luncheon at Cordon Club
Book Lecture. Peoples Church

3—Radio Address. WGN
Meeting, Chicago Athletic Club with President's Commission
Cut record. WGN
Address. Old Timers' Baseball Assoc. Hotel Stevens

4—Radio Address (E.T.) WGN
Radio Address. WRNX, Sioux City, Ia.
Address. I.W.L.A. Conservation Banquet Sioux City, Iowa

6—Two Services. Peoples Church

7—Radio Address. WGN

8—Radio Address. WGN
Address. Rotary Club, Joliet, Ill.
Address. Men's Brotherhood Dinner Union Church, Hinsdale, Ill.

9—Radio Address. WGN
Book Lecture. Peoples Church

10—Radio Address. WGN
Radio interview with Bob Elson on the *Century*

11—Radio Address. WGN

12—Commencement Address.
Illinois College of Chiropody. Address. Mississippi Region Federation of Women's Clubs. Hotel Sherman

13—Two Services. Peoples Church

14—Radio Address. WGN
Board Meeting Chicago Pub. Library
Cut record. WGN
Address. Jewish Men's Club of Hyde Park at Temple

15—Radio Address. WGN (E.T.)
Address. Vinton Forum, Vinton, Iowa, High School

16—Radio Address. WGN
Cut Record. WGN
Book Lecture. Peoples Church

17—Radio Address (E.T.) WGN
Address. Kiwanis Club, McGurdy Hotel, Evansville, Indiana
Address. Safety Dinner, International Harvester Co., Evansville, Ind.

18—Radio Address WGN
Address. First Congregational Church Lombard, Ill. Book Lecture

20—Two Services. Peoples Church Brotherhood Sunday (Evening Service) Prof. Philip Romiti, DePaul. Ald. Arch. J. Carey, Jr. (Rev.) of Woodlawn A.M.E. Church. Mr. Wells D. Burnette, Assoc. Dir., American Brotherhood. Rabbi Rich. C. Hertz, Asst. Rabbi, Sinai Temple

21—Radio Address. WGN
Address. DuSable High School Luncheon with Faculty
Address. PTA Lincoln School Park Ridge, Illinois

22—Radio Address. WGN
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Address. Lions Club, Maywood, Ill., First Congregational Church

23—Radio Address. WGN
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Book Lecture Peoples Church

24—Radio Address (E.T.) WGN

25—Radio Address (E.T.) WGN
Address. Rotary Club, Flint, Mich. Address. Masonic Temple Auditorium, Flint, Mich.

27—Two Services. Peoples Church

28—Radio Address. WGN
Address. Men's Club, Anderson Hall Peoples Church

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